



On The Hilltop

Darkwing Duck (Cartoon 1991) · Not Rated · 1338 words

by Arukir

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Fandom: Darkwing Duck (Cartoon 1991) Rating: Not Rated Category: Multi

Warnings: No content warnings apply

Relationships: Reginald Bushroot & Liquidator & Negaduck & Quackerjack & Elmo Sputterspark

Characters: Negaduck (Disney), Quackerjack (Disney), Elmo Sputterspark, Liquidator (Disney), Reginald Bushroot, Mr. Banana Brain (Disney), Fearsome Five (Disney)

Tags: AI-Generated Text, Stargazing, Team, Team Fluff, Team Bonding, Escape, Soft Negaduck, Fluff, Fluff Without Plot, No Plot/Plotless, Not Beta Read, Running

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The Fearsome have just escaped from jail, making their way to Bushroot's Greenhouse. In between all the adrenaline and exhaustion, they find a rare moment of peace.

Co-written with ChatGPT! Concept, name, and editing by me.

I'm trying something new, new for me at least. I gave a VERY detailed prompt to ChatGPT, had it write a story, then did editing. Chapter one is the edited version, chapter two is the story before I edited.

What do you think?

Chapter 1: Edited

I love writing cute little fluff pieces, don't you?

The Fearsome Five had just broken out of jail, adrenaline coursing through their veins as they fled through the night. They had been running for hours, the city lights of St. Canard far behind them, with Bushroot's greenhouse as their intended sanctuary.

Negaduck led the way through the thick forest, his eyes scanning for any signs of pursuit. Behind him he could hear the others, their breaths heavy but spirits high from the successful escape.

"Come on, Knobs, keep moving!" Negaduck barked, though even he was feeling the exhaustion setting in.

As they crested a grassy hill, Quackerjack suddenly stopped, staring up at the sky. "Hey, guys, wait a second."

The others skidded to a halt, confusion and frustration momentarily overriding their fatigue. "What is it now, Chuckles?" Negaduck snapped, but his tone softened when he saw what had caught the mad toymaker's attention.

Above them, the sky was a canvas of glittering stars, more numerous and brilliant than could be seen from within the main city. The hill was high enough that they could see over the surrounding forest, miles of dark trees stretching out below them, waving like an ocean on land. In the distance, the city of St. Canard glittered like a distant constellation, its troubles momentarily forgotten.

"Wow," Bushroot murmured, his leafy hands dropping to his sides. He'd lived out there for so long, but he'd kind of forgotten to look at the sky for years "It's beautiful."

Megavolt, usually jittery and restless, was unusually still, his eyes reflecting the starlight. He sank to the ground, sitting crossed-legged. "Yeah, Bushbrain. It really is." Like a million lightbulbs, freed from their earthly sockets...

Liquidator found himself silent for once, simply taking in the breathtaking view. "You know, sometimes you forget there's more to life than running and hiding and fighting," he finally said, not bothering with his usual pitch.

Negaduck crossed his arms and glanced at the sky. Maybe he was getting a little too soft, but even he couldn't deny the beauty of the scene. "I guess it isn't too bad..."

For a while, they stood in silence, the tension and excitement of their escape ebbing away. The stars seemed to stretch on forever, a vast, tranquil contrast to the chaos they had left behind. It was a rare moment of peace, one they hadn't realized they needed until it was right in front of them.

Quackerjack lay back on the grass, his head resting on his hands. "Sometimes it's good to just stop and look up, you know? Mr. Banana Brain thinks so too."

Bushroot nodded, a rare, genuine smile on his face. His usual nervousness was absent, his body straight and calm. "I think Mr. Banana Brain is right, Jack."

Negaduck finally relented, lying down next to Quackerjack. "Alright, Knobs, we can take a small break. But just for a few minutes! We still have to get to the greenhouse before Dipwing comes looking for us."

They stayed there for a little while longer, the troubles of the world fading under the endless sky. For those few precious moments, they were not villains on the run, but simply individuals basking in the beauty of the universe.

All good things must come to an end, eventually, or new good things couldn't happen. Negaduck stood up, brushing the grass off his cape and adjusting his hat. He cleared his throat, growling out "Alright, break's over, enough stargazing. Let's move."

The others rose reluctantly, casting one last look at the stars before resuming their journey. The greenhouse wasn't far now, and the memory of the stars would carry them through the final stretch.

As they approached, the familiar sight brought a sense of relief. They reached the door, and Bushroot opened it with a gentle push, the warm, green interior welcoming them inside.

"Home sweet home," Bushroot said softly, holding the door open for the others. Spike's sleepy barking could already be heard.

One by one, they stepped inside, the stars and the city lights now behind them, replaced by the safety and shelter of the greenhouse. The door closed with a soft click, sealing them away from the world for just a little while longer.

Chapter 2: Unedited

Is it just me, or is the quality of ChatGPT-made stories increasing?

The Fearsome Five had just broken out of jail, adrenaline coursing through their veins as they fled through the night. They had been running for hours, the city lights of St. Canard far behind them, with Bushroot's greenhouse as their intended sanctuary.

Negaduck led the way, his eyes scanning for any signs of pursuit. Behind him, Quackerjack, Megavolt, Bushroot, and Liquidator followed, their breaths heavy but their spirits high from the successful escape.

"Come on, Knobs, keep moving!" Negaduck barked, though even he was feeling the exhaustion setting in.

As they crested a grassy hill, Quackerjack suddenly stopped, staring up at the sky. "Hey, guys, wait a second."

The others skidded to a halt, confusion and frustration momentarily overriding their fatigue. "What is it now, Chuckles?" Negaduck snapped, but his tone softened when he saw what had caught Quackerjack's attention.

Above them, the sky was a canvas of glittering stars, more numerous and brilliant than any of them had ever seen from within the city. The hill was high enough that they could see over the surrounding forest, miles of dark trees stretching out below them. In the distance, the city of St. Canard glittered like a distant constellation, its troubles momentarily forgotten.

"Wow," Bushroot murmured, his leafy hands dropping to his sides. "It's beautiful."

Megavolt, usually jittery and restless, was unusually still, his eyes reflecting the starlight. "Yeah, Bushbrain. It really is."

Liquidator, always quick with a joke or a jibe, found himself silent for once, simply taking in the breathtaking view. "You know, sometimes you forget there's more to life than running and hiding," he finally said.

Negaduck, ever the pragmatic leader, crossed his arms and glanced at the sky. Even he couldn't deny the beauty of the scene. "Alright, take it in. We've got a few minutes."

For a while, they stood in silence, the tension and excitement of their escape ebbing away. The stars seemed to stretch on forever, a vast, tranquil contrast to the chaos they had left behind. It was a rare moment of peace, one they hadn't realized they needed until it was right in front of them.

Quackerjack lay back on the grass, his head resting on his hands. "Sometimes it's good to just stop and look up, you know? Mr. Banana Brain thinks so too."

Bushroot nodded, a rare, genuine smile on his face. "I think Mr. Banana Brain is right, Jack."

Negaduck finally relented, lying back next to Quackerjack. "Alright, Knobs, but just for a few minutes. We still have to get to the greenhouse."

They stayed there for a little while longer, the troubles of the world fading under the endless sky. For those few precious moments, they were not villains on the run, but simply individuals basking in the beauty of the universe.

Eventually, Negaduck stood up, brushing the grass off his cape. "Alright, break's over. Let's move."

The others rose reluctantly, casting one last look at the stars before resuming their journey. The greenhouse wasn't far now, and the memory of the stars would carry them through the final stretch.

As they approached Bushroot's greenhouse, the familiar sight brought a sense of relief. They reached the door, and Bushroot opened it with a gentle push, the warm, green interior welcoming them inside.

"Home sweet home," Bushroot said softly, holding the door open for the others.

One by one, they stepped inside, the stars and the city lights now behind them, replaced by the safety and shelter of the greenhouse. The door closed with a soft click, sealing them away from the world for just a little while longer.

— end of "On The Hilltop" —